

## Voluptuaries

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by [Baneberry](#)

### Summary

This would be Fixit's first party, and although the Senator had reassured him everything would be fine, he'd take care of him, he knew and agreed to the rules, the Minibot was still nervous.

After all, it wasn't everyday you got invited to upscale orgies.

### Notes

Based on [this prompt](#), which is basically larger bots wearing their smaller partners as cock sleeves while at a party and just being hedonistic in general.

Fixit is our main Minibot, but everyone else... I couldn't decide on his partner, and a number of the guests, so I've left them up to your imaginations. Titles were given, and since this is RiD, you can use characters from this 'verse or other universes who carry those titles as placements, if you so desire. On that note, this fic takes place pre-cartoon.

Despite some moments where things feel dubious, **this entire party is built on consent**. Every person involved consented. I just wanna make that clear--shit's kinky, but it ain't noncon.

With all that out of the way, please enjoy~

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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After all, it wasn't everyday you got invited to upscale orgies.

But Fixit trusted the Senator, and he was a little curious. The Senator showed him the harness he'd be strapped to, and explained the rules for the umpteenth time and how things usually went. The Senator obviously wanted to make sure Fixit gave his full and complete consent. Fixit listened closely, taking notes, determined to please his partner.

Didn't work out entirely as planned. Kind of hard to concentrate, bound to the Senator and impaled on his unit to remain there for the rest of the evening. Little awkward, too, given the position of his channel.

The Senator interfaced with Fixit thirty minutes before the party was to start. It was good, but nothing extraordinary; they both overloaded, leaving Fixit pliant enough to fit easily on the Senator's large unit. He'd never taken the whole thing before, but now he sat to the hilt; it pushed against his tanks, brushing along his abdominal armor. A little painful, but the Senator shifted some mass so it wasn't excruciating or unbearable. Just the right amount to go along with the arousal still lingering after the interface.

The Senator also fitted the Minibot's unit, half-mast at the moment, with a tight ring that clenched down on transfluid and lubricant pumps. It would cut off any overloads from his cord, but channel overloads were still permissible, even if it was currently stretched and stuffed, anterior node exposed. To complete the look was a nice spider-gag, keeping Fixit's mouth wide open; if it got too painful, he would be allowed to dampen his pain receptors or ask for its removal. The safeword without the gag was "mirror"; safeword with the gag was four revs of his engine. A pack of energon was stored in a compartment on Fixit's back, its thin pump plugged into a socket below a shoulder. It would feed him energon when levels got too low, ensuring Fixit remain online and stable with some stamina to spare.

"You look beautiful," the Senator smirked, stroking beneath Fixit's chin with two of his fingers. Fixit cuddled against his touch, coolant trickling from his open mouth. The Senator tested the collar around Fixit's neck attached to the harness; after polishing them both up, the couple headed out.

Fixit knew this would be... well, not entirely painful. It would be *a lot* of things. But he hadn't expected to be so... so "weak" so soon. They'd only just now arrived at the party, and already Fixit overloaded twice. The Senator had fitted him perfectly to his frame, so whenever he walked, whenever he moved, his unit would rub just so nicely against Fixit's nodes, the quivering mesh walls; it was like being slowly (and frustratingly) fucked. Really, the fact the ride to the party was also a little bumpy was partially to blame for one of those overloads.

A tall, sleek jet greeted them at the door. She, too, was wearing her own Minibot; shorter than Fixit, teal and blue, their harness was designed differently but served the same purpose. They wore a blindfold, hands bound behind their back. "Welcome, Senator," the jet purred, leaning in to peck the larger bot on the cheek. Her Minibot whimpered, bouncing on the unit.

The jet stared down at Fixit. "And this must be Fixit," she said. She touched his face, drew a finger

along his open jaw. “Looks like a real sparkbreaker.” She winked, and Fixit couldn’t help but heat up a little—well, a little *more*. “Here you go, darling,” the jet said, holding up a syringe.

Fixit almost forgot about this part.

“It’ll sting,” the Senator said, patting Fixit on the head, “but only for a second.”

Fixit invented. Nodded.

The jet placed the needle to Fixit’s neck, between seams. “Just a pinch,” she said, and injected the pink fluid.

The drug’s affect was instantaneous. Already aroused and on the edge, Fixit’s receptors were suddenly pushed past their limits. Stimulation increased by fifty percent. The Senator stepped aside, just a small step, and Fixit almost shrieked. The sensations of pain and pleasure were completely blurred; the lightest touch to any part of his body, especially his interface array, was now overwhelmingly powerful.

“Have fun, you two,” the jet giggled.

The party had started ten minutes ago. There were food and drinks, music that set a nice, sensual mood, the lights dim in some places and brighter in others. There was even a medium-sized stage set up with a microphone, though it was currently vacant.

If Fixit could see clearly, he’d count at least twenty-two to thirty people. Most of them also wore their smaller partners on their units, while some came alone or with friends. They broke off into groups, chatting and sipping cubes of high grade, chattering on about life and work and the weather as if they didn’t have bots sleeved on their cords, wriggling and whining, trying to or actually overloading. A few outliers had broken off to more private, shadowed corners to focus on simply fragging their partners outright, either still strapped on to their bodies or removed and placed in different positions. Moans and cries and whimpers almost drowned out the music.

Fixit whimpered; every single step the Senator took was equal to one hard thrust inside his channel. Lubricant increased in trickles, dripping along the ground. Nothing unusual; a pack of drones went about cleaning any messes up. His head hung low, actuators weak and shaking, CPU a hazy, dizzy, aroused mess. Coolant spilled in thin lines from his mouth. The pain he felt in his jaw struts didn’t hurt so much as add to the excruciatingly wonderful stimulation cocktail.

“Senator! So good to see you could come!” Fixit recognized that voice, but couldn’t focus enough to remember who it belonged to. A large, round bot flanked by two smaller partners (twins) hanging off his arms and wearing a pretty pink Minibot sauntered over. He pat the Senator’s shoulders warmly. “You’ve brought Fixit!” He leered. “Looks like the little guy’s enjoying the party.” The twins snickered, stroking their date’s chest playfully.

“Fixit, you remember the Councilor, right?” the Senator asked. He raised Fixit’s head for him, at the same time pushing his hips out just slightly. Fixit gave a strangled gasp, his own erect unit twitching around the ring. “You haven’t met Arc yet, however.”

“Arc, say hello to Fixit,” the Councilor said, gently nudging the Minibot with his unit.

“Nnn!” Arc whined, squirting a little transfluid. A drone rolled by, mopping it up. “H-Hello... F... Fix... it...”

“We won’t keep you two,” the Councilor chuckled, slapping the Senator on the shoulder again. “I agreed to introduce these two lovely bots to some of my colleagues.” The twins giggled coyly into

their hands as Arc's engines loudly revved. The four left, crossing the room to a group mingling by the energon fountains.

The Senator continued making his way throughout the flat, greeting and chatting with both friends and strangers alike. Fixit had lost count of the overloads he'd had, but most of the lubricant and transfluid was still inside him, trapped by his partner's unit. Fixit's own unit hurt, bobbing and twitching along uselessly. For the most part, the Senator left him alone, focusing on the other guests and socializing. Everyone here was either a politician of some sort, a celebrity, or just very, very rich.

The Senator laughed after hearing one hilarious joke, and the vibrations of his chassis and the slight swaying had Fixit's optics cross, tongue hanging out obscenely. The drug increased his coolant levels, ensuring his throat and mouth would remain nice and wet. A bot talking with the group glanced down at Fixit, grinning at his wasted expression.

"Do you mind...?" she asked the Senator, pointing at Fixit.

"Go ahead."

As the Senator resumed talking, the speedboat squatted in front of Fixit, now eye level. "You're such a cutie!" she giggled, optics glimmering. "You know, orange is one of my favorite colors. Orange and purple..." She wiped lubricant off Fixit's groin; her touch, the sweep of her finger, caused the Minibot to squirm. The Senator twitched—he, too, was affected, but not nearly as heavily as his partner. "... Makes a nice color scheme, too."

The speedboat gasped, smiling widely. "And if your node isn't one of the most adorable I've ever seen...!" She pinched his anterior node, and Fixit wailed, jerking around the unit. The Senator almost dropped his drink, but like the prim and proper politician he was, continued on with the conversation. "Does that hurt?" the speedboat asked. She rolled the node between her fingers; Fixit started venting, more drool and lubricant pattering on the floor. "You just shake your head if it does, okay?"

Fixit, shivering, did nothing.

"Good!" She flicked his node, and once again caused him to lurch. This time the Senator had to step back, the edge of his unit pushing into Fixit's tanks.

"Excuse me for a few minutes," the Senator said, cheekplates warm.

"Sorry about that," the speedboat apologized, still smiling.

"No problem." The Senator cupped the side of Fixit's head, the Minibot instantly nuzzling against his palm. "He's a charmer, that's for sure."

A bot hustled over to the group, causing the Minibot on his unit to cry and whimper, transfluid streaking across the floor. "The show's about to start!" he exclaimed, then hurried off to the next group.

Fixit vaguely remembered the Senator telling him something about these shows. "We won't be participating in tonight's," he told Fixit while he strapping him into the harness, "you're not ready. Maybe in another year or so..."

The Senator found a nearby booth and table; a total of six, maybe eight steps. Might as well have just been six, or maybe eight thrusts in his channel. The Senator sat down carefully; both he and the Minibot winced. From this position, somewhat awkward as it was, Fixit could see the stage.

The host of the party, a tank, stood at the microphone. His partner was the largest of the Minibots here—had to be, if she was going to fit on his unit. She had her legs and arms tied and pinned open, allowing everyone to see the remaining few inches of the host's unit that could not fit inside her. She was heaving, visor so bright it was close to short-circuiting. The edge of her partner's unit pushed against her mid-section, forming a bump alongside the transfluid sloshing around in her tanks.

"Before we begin the show," the tank said, "it is with great pleasure to announce tonight's honorable guest is none other than the chart-topping, spark-stopping Rosanna!"

The crowd cheered and clapped and overloaded (well, half).

"Now," the tank crooned, "let's sit back, relax, make sure your little partners are nice and snug, and enjoy the show." The crowd gave another round of applause as the host stepped down to take his seat beside the stage, petting the trembling bot in his lap.

With a guest like Rosanna, Fixit briefly (very briefly, before switching back to focusing on grinding on the Senator's unit) expected a type of musical concert. And while there was music, sure, the performers weren't musicians.

The first performer was a tall bot, chartreuse and silver, with her partner. She unstrapped him from her body, plucked him off her unit, and pressed him to the ground, aft in the air. Kneeling behind him, she took the Minicon's hips, and jerked back inside. The crowd whistled and shouted catcalls; the Minicon made such adorable noises (maybe that counted as singing) rocking back and forth on hands and knees. The bot pulled out, releasing her overload on the Minibot's back; a few stood to applaud, successfully bringing their Minibots to climax as well.

The next performance wasn't so different. Another set of partners. This time the Minibot sat facing the crowd, riding on his endura's unit as the jet sat comfortably, hands holding his legs open for him. The Minibot was ridiculously fast, and some party guests hastily ran to the stage. The Minibot snapped his hips forward, squirting transfluid from both unit and channel, drenching those in the front. They gingerly caught some in their mouths, others simply wanting to get a nice facial and rub their fingers through the fluid on their overheated frames.

Another performance involved two Minicons by themselves. Same mold, one green, one red; they kissed, sloppy with winding tongues on display, before interfacing in the sixty-nine position. Nearby, Fixit could hear a mayor and a Crystal Towers resident bet on which of the two overloaded first. Other guests swarmed around the stage, shouting and pounding their fists; it was like they were watching a simple wrestling match, encouraging the Cassettes they gambled on.

Green overloaded second. His partner, a robust black-red bot, collected the winnings. The mayor bitterly handed his shanix over.

Watching all of this was almost nearly as intoxicating. Fixit, optics lidded, mouth twitching around his gag, felt surges of heat throughout his chassis, especially at the final performance. He overloaded again, barely felt the rush from the energon pack refilling him. Though Fixit was surprised that the Senator hadn't... responded to any of the acts. Sure, sometimes he reached down to stroke Fixit, to adjust his unit inside him, but mostly remained still and quiet.

When Rosanna finally came on, that all changed. The room dimmed, a single white spotlight on the singer. She started with a song fitting of the mood; something slow and sultry and deep. And that seemed to be just enough for the Senator to finally get interested.

Fixit winced as two hands encircled his hips. The Senator watched the show, enthralled, as he started pumping inside the Minibot. Fixit whimpered, tears tracking down his face; none of the earlier

charges could compare to the one he was accumulating now. Fixit grunted, a mantra of ah-ah-ahs each time his channel slapped against the Senator's groin. The Senator picked up pace just as Rosanna's song started building. Fixit could still hear the moans of the other guests under her hypnotic, silky voice.

The Senator overloaded, Fixit slamming back against his partner as his entire body heaved and shuddered. The Senator, however, went completely still, his grip around Fixit's hips hard enough to dent plating. Fixit looked down, vision doubled, to see the bulge in his abdomen grow a few inches wider. The sight alone made his channel clench and quiver around the unit, too flared up for anything but a couple droplets of fluid to empty.

"You mind if I join?"

It was the speedboat from earlier. She winked down at Fixit.

"N-Not at all," the Senator tittered. Fixit just shook his head once.

The speedboat smirked, releasing her pressurized unit. She held it at the base, brushing it along Fixit's cheeks. Fixit mewled. As she grabbed the finial on his head, the speedboat thrust her unit hungrily inside Fixit's mouth.

Fixit cried around the unit, surprised, tears spilling down his slick cheeks. Be it the drug or something else, Fixit's intakes spread easily for her, allowing the cord to move deep down his throat. As she began pumping, grinding her crotch against Fixit's face, the newly aroused Senator started moving again.

Fixit wasn't sure why he hadn't fainted. The onslaught of sensations were enough to knock his overstimulated system out, after all. But... Well, maybe the drug, et cetera. He gulped and grunted around the unit, swinging back and forth in swift, fast motions between the two bodies spit-roasting him. There was no way to describe what he was feeling; Fixit's optics rolled up, almost into the back of his head, wide and lids twitching. His limbs went limp in their straps. He overloaded again—and again, before either of the larger bots. Fixit wondered if he was going to be split apart, but found it probably wouldn't be so bad—especially if it felt as amazing as this.

"S-Such a soft m-mouth," the speedboat stammered, licking her plush lips, "i-if you were mine, I-I'd frag it f-for hours..." She swat Fixit's node with her free hand. The Minibot screamed, again muffled from the unit and Rosanna's new song; his node was throbbing, turned dark from the energon welling at its surface. Fixit tried to suck, tried to massage the unit with his tongue, but the speedboat insisted on doing all the work, picking up the closer she got to release.

It was the Senator who overloaded first. Fixit's optics blazed and glitched as more transfluid collected inside his tiny body, his bloated tanks. His abdomen was painfully distended, the armor stretched out to show dermal layers beneath. When the speedboat finally climaxed, he couldn't even swallow her fluids; as soon as she pulled her depressurizing unit free, milking the rest out on his face, Fixit's head dropped forward, coughing up large gobs of transfluid. He continued purging for a whole minute, the speedboat watching on fondly. That at least gave his tanks some more room.

The speedboat took Fixit by the chin, tilting his head up to meet her yellow optics. His mouth twitched around the thin bars of the spider gag, optics wide and apertures dilated, transfluid and coolant dribbling from his face. "That's a good look on you," she cooed. "Thanks for the ride, sweetie." She nodded at the Senator, swaggering off with a sway of her hips.

Rosanna finished her show, waving and blowing kisses to her fans before exiting the stage. The lights brightened, and those not in the middle of fucking their bound partners went to have a drink

and continue mingling.

The host came over to finally welcome the Senator, laughing heartily at Fixit. “My my, looks like he’s a bit full up,” he said, patting the Minibot on the cheek. Fixit could only wheeze, tongue lolling in his mouth. “You discussed the rules with him, I do hope.”

“Yes, of course,” the Senator reassured. “His vitals are a little low, but he’s stable. He’s agreed to the terms.”

Fixit groaned. He stared at the host’s Minibot in front of him; she was smiling, enjoying a tasty mouthful of transfluid.

“And he’s equipped to handle the girth?”

“Of course.”

Oh. Wait. This sounded... familiar. It took Fixit a moment to realize the Senator was removing him from the harness. That, and his energon pack was almost empty. “You know the safewords, Fixit,” the Senator whispered. “He knows them, too.”

Fixit's partner finally pulled him off his unit. But before he could finally release all the pent up transfluid and lubricant, the tank took him, held him tilted so as not to spill. Fixit was a bit disappointed. He watched as the Senator picked up the host’s Minibot.

“I’ll see you soon, Fixit,” the Senator said, bowing down to kiss the top of his head.

Fixit made a wet noise. He understood. The music was starting to fade, and for a moment it was dark. Fixit heard a door shut, blinked; the lights in this room were a little brighter. He felt himself lowered, placed on his back on a slab.

“Gah!” Fixit grimaced as the tip of the tank’s unit pushed an inch inside his channel. Plugging up the fluids again.

“This won’t be necessary,” the tank smirked, unbuckling and removing the spider gag. Fixit hiccuped, rolling his jaw and clenching his teeth. His tongue felt a little numb. “I like my partners noisy,” the tank snickered. His massive hands wrapped around Fixit’s hips, bulging from all the transfluid.

Fixit threw his head back with a loud cry; loud enough that his vocalizer glitched and trailed off into static. The tank had thrust half his unit inside Fixit—all he could manage to fit.

“So warm,” the tank groaned, and started pumping.

Fixit had never taken a unit as big as this tank’s. He wasn’t quite sure what he felt, but it wasn’t the same confusing mix of sensations and emotions like earlier, like the clusterfuck he’d been feeling all night. It hurt, a lot, but it also felt good, a lot. Each pull out allowed some of the fluids to escape; each push in hit his tanks and abdominal armor. His receptors, his nodes—all raw, too sensitive... Fixit could only grin, wet and lopsided, optics rolling back and crossing.

“Look at you!” the tank laughed. Fixit vented, tongue bouncing out from one corner of his drunken smile. “You like this? How about *this*?” He shifted, thrusting his unit off to the side.

Fixit howled, fingers clawing at the berth. “Yeth! Y-Yeth!” His jaw and tongue were still too weak to form proper words, but the tank got the gist of it. Fixit reached his shivering hands down, clumsily rubbing his hard node as fast as he could. “Tho—tho good, ’m...!”

The tank ground his teeth, and with a loud grunt, buried himself inside Fixit and overloaded. Strong enough to knock another overload out of the Minibot as well. Fixit's mouth formed into a perfect 'o' as his optics bulged; shock, pure shock, at the sensation of being completely, utterly filled to the brim.

The tank pulled out, and with a little shake of the Minibot's body, all the trapped transfluid finally broke free. Fixit squealed, bucking off the bed and jerking his hips; the fluids gushed out in waves, his abdomen shrinking little by little. His teeth clamped down hard enough to shatter. Finally, the flow stopped, and the Minibot flopped back onto the slab. The emptiness felt alien, strange; he rattled and twitched, mouth hanging wide open in awe as he stared blankly at the ceiling.

"Welcome to the club, Fixit," the tank smirked, gently stroking his face. Just as he turned to leave, Fixit finally collapsed into stasis.

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When Fixit came back online, he felt... different. Not only was he completely refueled, but he was also repaired and back to his normal shape. He'd even been washed and polished. Remembering the events of... last night? Fixit supposed after being in that state of hyper-arousal for so long would make one feel weird after coming back down.

Fixit was still lying down, but not on the tank's slab. Not in his own mess, either. Rather, it was the Senator's—his berth. Fixit rubbed his optics; he looked beside him, almost jumped. The Senator was curled around him, recharging peacefully. Fixit blinked—he quickly hid his face in his fingers, completely flustered.

Fixit exvented, smiling; he wiggled over. He slowly, carefully took the Senator's nearest hand, draped it over his chest. Closing his optics, Fixit went back to sleep, gently holding the Senator's hand.

"And that's what my life was like before the tour-sore-war!" Fixit declared proudly, standing before his Autobot companions. He waited for a response, a big, smug grin on his face. After a minute of silence, he opened one optic, baffled.

Bumblebee, Grimlock, Sideswipe, and Strongarm stared in total awe at the Minibot.

Finally, Grimlock spoke up. "Holy fucking shit."

## End Notes

Admittedly, the lady bot Fixit sucked off is implied to be Thunderblast, but I'll keep it ambiguous in the fic.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!